

## Butterflies by m11kewheeler

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**Summary:**

Mike introduces El to Eggo French Toaster Sticks and her whole world is changed.

# Butterflies

## Author's Note:

This is based off a text post I wrote on tumblr.  
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Also, this might be a modern day au because I'm not sure when Eggo French Toaster Sticks were sold in stores. I couldn't find it anywhere on google :/

"Hey El, I got you a present."

Eleven frowned. "For what?"

"Sometimes people just give other people presents for no reason."

"They do?"

"Sure," Mike shrugged. "I saw this at the grocery store and thought of you." He handed her a box covered in old Christmas wrapping paper he had found in the back of his mom's coat closet.

Eleven smiled at Mike's poor wrapping job and began to tear the paper off. "Eggos?" she asked, her eyes crinkling in confusion as she ran her hand along the box. "Are we out?"

"No, these are different kinds of Eggos," Mike explained. "They're French toast sticks instead of waffles. It's new."

"French toast sticks?"

"They're kind of like waffles but different. Better even, I think."

Eleven tore open the box and took the French toast sticks out, surprised at the odd shape.

"Come on, let's try 'em." Mike grabbed her hand and led her to the kitchen. El sat at the table, waiting in anticipation while Mike put a few sticks in the toaster.

“Syrup?” Eleven asked. She had been eating Eggos for over a month before Mike introduced her to the sticky, sweet substance she now couldn’t get enough of.

“Of course,” Mike laughed affectionately. A couple minutes later the toaster dinged and Mike pulled the Eggos out. “Okay,” he mumbled as he put a few on her plate, drizzling syrup over them.

Eleven stabbed one with her fork and put it in her mouth, a huge grin appearing on her face as she chewed. Mike couldn’t help but smile as well. “Good?” he asked.

Eleven stuffed another one in her mouth as a response and Mike’s smile only grew bigger and bigger.

“You’re very easy to please,” he said, taking a bite from his own plate.

“Jonathan made me real waffles once, but I like Eggos better,” El said softly. “They make me think of you.”

Mike felt his entire face flush. “Oh, um...Cool.”

She didn’t know exactly why, but seeing Mike flustered always made her stomach feel funny. Butterflies, Nancy had told her once, which only confused the younger girl even more. How could there be butterflies inside her? But nevertheless, she felt them a lot around Mike, and she had a feeling that he sometimes felt them as well.

“So,” Mike said, startling El out of her thoughts. “Eggo waffles or these?”

She thought for a moment. “Both.”

“Good choice,” Mike said, stuffing his face with more French toast sticks in attempt to hide the blush on his cheeks that never seemed to go away as long as El was in his life. He hoped she didn’t notice it.

(She did, of course. And it only made the butterflies in her stomach stronger)